

Pulp

"Trees"

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I took an air-rifle, shot a magpie to the ground & it died
without a sound.
Your skin so pale against the fallen Autumn leaves &
no-one saw us but the trees.
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees produce the air
that I am breathing.
Yeah, the trees, those useless trees; they never said
that you were leaving.
I carved your name with a heart just up above - now
swollen,
distorted, unrecognisable; like our love.
The smell of leaf mould & the sweetness of decay
are the incense at the funeral procession here, today.
In the trees, those useless trees, etc.
You try to shape the world to what you want the world to
be.
Carving your name a thousand times won't bring you
back to me.
Oh no, no I might as well go & tell it to the trees.
Go & tell it to the trees, yeah.

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